

Follow your Soldier (as before) hence, you
 And at the bankes of Anly meete us with
 The forces you can raise, where we shall finde
 The moytie of a number, for a busines,
 More bigger look't; since that our Theame is haste
 I stamp this kisse upon thy currant lippe,
 Sweete keepe it as my Token; Set you forward
 For I will see you gone. *Exeunt towards the Temple.*
 Farewell my beauteous Sister; *Pirithous*
 Keepe the feast full, bate not an howre on't.

Pirithous. Sir

He follow you at heeles; The Feasts solempnity
 Shall want till your returne.

Thes. Cosen I charge you

Bouge not from Athens; We shall be returning
 Ere you can end this Feast; of which I pray you
 Make no abatement; once more farewell all.

1. *Qu.* Thus do'st thou still make good the tongue o'th

2. *Qu.* And earnest a Deity equal with Mars, (world.

3. *Qu.* If not above him, for
 Thou being but mortall make'st affections bend
 To Godlike honours; ~~they themselves some say~~
 Grone under such a Mastery.

Thes. As we are men

Thus should we doe, being sensually subdude
 We loose our humane tytle; good cheere Ladies. *Florisso,*
 Now turne we towards your Comforts. *Exeunt.*

Scena 2. Enter Palamon, and Arcite.

Arcite. Deere Palamon, deerer in love then Blood
 And our prime Cosen, yet unhardned in
 The Crimes of nature; Let us leave the Citty
 Thebes, and the temptings in't, before we further
 Sully our glosse of youth,
 And here to keepe in abstinence we shame
 As in Incontinence; for not to swim
 I'th aide o'th Current, were almost to sincke,

At least to frustrate striving, and
 The common Streame, twould bri
 Where we should turne or dro
 Our gaine but life, and weakenes

Pal. Your advice

Is cride up with example; what sh
 Since first we went to Schoole,
 Walking in Thebs? Skars, and
 The gaine o'th Martialist, who
 To his bold ends, honour, and g
 Which though he won, he had
 By peace for whom he fought,
 To *Mars* so scornd *Altar*? I
 When such I meete, and with gr
 Resume her ancient fit of *Telonz*
 To get the Soldier worke, that
 For her repletion, and retaine an
 Her charitable heart now hard,
 Then strife, or war could be.

Arcite. Are you not out?

Meete you no ruine, but the Sol
 The Cranckes, and turnes of Th
 As if you met decays of many k
 Perceive you none, that doe arc
 But th'un-considerd Soldier?

Pal. Yes, I pittie

Decays where ere I finde them,
 That sweating in an honourable
 Are paid with yce to coole'em

Arcite. Tis not this

I did begin to speake of: This is
 Of no respect in Thebs, I spake
 How dangerous if we will keep
 It is for our resyding, where eve
 Hath a good cullor; where ere e'e'r
 A certaine evill, where not to b
 As they are, here were to be str
 Such things to be meere Monster